



The Cast Rehearses

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BAKER, Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

The Cast Rehearses

A Play in One Act

By

ALICE L. TILDESLEY

Author of "Marrying Money"

NOTE

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BOSTON

WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY

1921

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The Cast Rehearses

CHARACTERS

PHYLLIS OLIVER.

FLORA MAY OLIVER, *her younger
sister, about thirteen.*

MISS VIOLET VAN ELSMERE.

EVELYN.

JULIE.

TIME :—Before nine o'clock at night.

SCENE :—Phyllis' sitting-room.



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no 1

The Cast Rehearses

SCENE.—PHYLLIS'S *sitting-room*. The time is before nine o'clock at night.

(At the rise of the curtain PHYLLIS is discovered standing back of table, finishing the packing of her traveling-bag. She is very much excited. She is in a typical girl's room. There are doors R. and L., leading to hall and bedroom, respectively. The walls are decorated with movie-actresses' pictures, kodak snap-shots, party favors, dance-programs, etc. There is a dresser D. R., with mirror above it, containing various toilet articles, and man's photograph framed, match-safe, small vase, etc. A settee, with gaudy cushions, is also D. R. A phonograph stands at back of room, with records, etc. A small table is L. C., with chairs R. and L. Telephone is set on this table, wearing a fantastic costume to correspond with the curtains and cushions and other girlish frivolities.)

PHYLLIS (*going over articles in bag*). Night-gown—teddy—stockings—kimono—clean blouse—tooth-brush—where's my comb? Where's my comb? (*Darts to dresser for comb, packs it.*) Oh dear, what time is it? (*Looks at wrist-watch, then notes man's picture on dresser, and rushes over to it.*) Can't go without you!

(*She kisses the picture, fervently. There is a sound of footsteps on the stairs.*)

FLORA MAY (*on the stairs outside*). Phyllis—Hey, Phyllis!

PHYL. (*darting back to bag*). Go away!

FLORA M. You in there, Phyllis?

PHYL. Where did you think I was, Silly?

(Stuffing picture in bag.)

FLORA M. *(appearing at door R.)*. O-o! Where you going?

PHYL. Nowhere. . . . To the rehearsal, of course.

(Shuts bag with snap.)

FLORA M. What do you have to take the bag for?

PHYL. Because.

(Goes into bedroom and returns with two hats.)

FLORA M. *(perching on settee)*. Can't I go to rehearsal with you?

PHYL. I should say not!

FLORA M. Why can't I? I have to do my dance, don't I? I have to do my dance in your old play.

PHYL. *(coming to mirror to try on hats)*. We can't be bothered with little girls at a rehearsal. Oh dear, I wish I knew which to wear. This is such a vile color. I look like a prune in a pan of milk.

(She looks at herself from all sides in the despised hat.)

FLORA M. *(leaping up and snatching hat from PHYL.'s head)*. Let me try it on.

PHYL. Flora May Oliver, give me back that hat!

(There is a little scuffle, much repetition of "I just wanna see how I look!" and "Give me that hat!" and PHYLLIS wins.)

FLORA M. *(retiring in disgust to chair L. of table, looks at dresser)*. Ol' Crosspatch! Say, who took the doctor?

PHYL. *(engaged in trying on other hat)*. What?

FLORA M. Who took the doctor off your dresser?

PHYL. Nobody. I just put him away.

(She starts for bedroom with hats.)

FLORA M. What for? What did you put him away for? Don't you like him any more? Do you care if Mamma doesn't like him? (*The telephone bell rings, and they both dash for it, but FLORA MAY wins and hangs onto it, crying.*) I am, too, going to answer it. I am, too!

PHYL. Flora May, give me that receiver. You dreadful girl, give it to me!

FLORA M. (*in front of table, resisting with wriggles and stamps*). I won't! I won't! I won't!.....Hello? Hello? This is Olivers'.....Leggo my arm, Phyl-lus! It's me. It's Flora May.

PHYL. Give me that 'phone!

FLORA M. I won't!.....(*Into 'phone.*) Yes, Phyllis is going to rehearsal. Why, to the Club House! Is it? (*Turning.*) Phyllis, it's Evelyn. She says the Men's Club is using the Club House for a special meeting tonight, and you have to rehearse somewhere else.

PHYL. Let me talk to her.

FLORA M. No, I am! (*Into 'phone.*) I guess so. I'll ask Mamma. (*To PHYLLIS.*) She says, can't they rehearse here?

PHYL. No they can't!

FLORA M. (*puts down 'phone*). I'll go ask Mamma. I bet she'll say they can.

(*She runs out R., already calling, "Mamma!"*)

PHYL. (*snatching up 'phone, and speaking breathlessly*). Evelyn? That you, Evelyn? This is Phyl. I don't see how we can rehearse here. I haven't any room. I don't feel very well. It isn't, either, a bigger room than yours. Anyway, I wasn't going to rehearsal. I told you I didn't feel well. No—I thought I'd go to bed early. Oh, Evelyn, wouldn't you keep me awake if you rehearsed here? No, Dr. Nick can't come to rehearsal. I mean, I don't think he can come. He—he's got a—a case.

FLORA M. (*dashing in again*). Mamma says "Yes"—sure pop!

PHYL. Hush! Evelyn, can't you go over to Julie's?

FLORA M. (*squirming about until she can talk into 'phone over her sister's shoulder*). Evelyn, Mamma says you can, too, come here if you want to!

PHYL. Get away, you horrid little thing! (*Holding 'phone out of reach.*) No, I'm not mad at you, Ev—— Oh well, come on then, if you must. But for goodness' sake, make them go home early, Evelyn. You will, won't you? 'By! (*Hangs up receiver.*) Now that's all your fault, Flora May, you little Poke Nose, you!

FLORA M. (*busily poking about room, discovers a letter on the phonograph and picks it up*). Whose letter? Whose letter?

PHYL. Put it down! Give it to me!

FLORA M. (*leading a mad chase about room*). I bet it's from your old doctor! I bet it's from Dr. Nick!

PHYL. Don't you dare read it! Don't you dare! Don't you know how hateful it is to pry into other people's letters? (*She catches FLORA MAY and captures letter. The door-bell rings down-stairs.*) Go down and don't you dare come back to this room again. Hear me? And whoever that is, tell 'em I'll be down.

FLORA M. Mamma said you'd have to rehearse up here. She isn't going to have her living-room torn to pieces, she said. So there!

(*She goes out R., in outraged dignity.*)

PHYL. Up here? Oh my goodness! (*She hustles the bag into the bedroom, twitches chairs back into place, looks at letter clutched in hand and picks up 'phone, jigging the hook up and down, impatiently.*) Hello, hello, hello! Give me Park 343-L. Dr. Nick Atwill there? Oh dear, isn't he? Where is he? Tell him to call Park 651-R. Oh no, don't bother. I forgot I can't talk to him. (*Enter MISS VIOLET VAN ELSMERE, a giddy, a very giddy, old girl, in bright colors and a chickenish hat. She has a funny little tittering giggle, which she exhibits now, as she waves in response to PHYLLIS' greeting.*) Hello, Miss Violet! Never mind telling him anything—good-bye!

(*She hangs up receiver.*)

MISS VIOLET. Don't you think it's too mean of those horrid men to use the Club House when they know we've only got a week to get up this show? Men haven't any consciences. Oh, do tell me, don't you think Dr. Nick is coming to-night?

PHYL. Why—a—I don't think so. He has a (*hesitating*) case. Let me take your things.

MISS VI. Oh no, I'll just keep my hat on. I'm just crazy about this hat. (*She admires it in the mirror.*) And, tee-hee! So is Dr. Nick. You know he boards with us, and he said only to-night, he, he!—that he never saw another hat like it in his life! I do think he's the cutest thing. To-night he was wearing the sweetest little blue serge belted suit. Teehee! Have you got any brunette powder?

PHYL. In that box. (*She sits L. of table, uneasily.*)

MISS VI. (*using powder*). He says he just adores brunettes, teehee! I am wild about this hat! Listen, Phyllis! (*Comes to R. of table.*) Don't you think Evelyn ought to have given me the part of the widow in the play? I look a lot more like a widow than Julie does. Anyway, nobody can understand what she says. Besides, I'm sure Dr. Nick would rather play opposite me. I don't think he cares anything about Julie. Now, do you?

PHYL. I don't know. (*Looks at her watch.*)

MISS VI. Well now, only to-night, when he came down-stairs for his hot water, he always wants hot water for shaving, and he loves to have me fix it for him, he-he! I get to feel quite married to him, what with fixing his hot water and pressing his trousers. I pressed the trousers he's got on to-night. Took me more than an hour, but of course I didn't mind giving the time, teehee! Well, I asked him how he liked holding Julie in his arms in this show. It must be fearfully embarrassing, mustn't it? And he said it was all right, only he'd change the time, the place and the girl. And he looked right at me, he-he-he!

PHYL. (*politely*). Did he? (*Tucks letter into belt, rather insecurely.*) I wonder why the others don't come.

MISS VI. Won't you ask Evelyn if I can't be the widow?

PHYL. (*fidgeting with articles on table*). Evelyn's the director. She ought to know what she wants done and who can do it.

MISS VI. She's just jealous, that's all. She thinks I'd show her up, if I had a decent part. She and Julie always hog the good parts. Who plays the doctor's sweetheart? Julie! Who plays his sister? Evelyn!

PHYL. I'm sure I don't want to be his sister.

MISS VI. I know, but she gets to kiss him in the third act. What do you do? Just sing and be a maid. And I'm his *mother*! I just said to Evelyn, I said: "I don't see why I always have to be a mother. That's all you ever give me. I hate being people's mothers." I don't even pat him on the arm. I patted Tom Henderson on the arm in the last play. (*Door-bell rings.*) There's the bell. If it's Evelyn, you ask her, won't you?

(*There is a sound of girls' voices and some laughter.*)

PHYL. Oh, I can't. (*Goes D. L.*)

MISS VI. Oh, now, please! (*Goes to PHYLLIS and coaxes. Footsteps sound on the stairs, and EVELYN says: "Goodness, I'm all out of breath!"*) There she is. Go on, Phyllis!

(*EVELYN enters. She is a pretty girl with a decided manner. She kisses PHYLLIS, who meets her C.*)

EVELYN. Hello, Phyl! Awfully nice of your mother to let us come. Hello, Miss Vi! Julie's coming. I dragged her with me.

(*JULIE enters. She is a rather French-looking girl.*)

JULIE (*speaks with slight accent*). Oui, I mean, yez. Phyllis, those stair' take my breaths.

PHYL. Where's your things?

JULIE. We leave him down-stairs with your Mama. Oh-lala! What you theenk happen us on Main Street?

(*Sits arm of chair, R. of table.*)

PHYL. What? (*Stands back of table.*)

JULIE. We meet thees yong doctor. Neek, you know. Oh la-la! He is dress'! He is wear' mos' elegan' blue costume. All cuff here and belt here and white rose in his, O whatyoucall? *Here*, you know. He carry a bag, all speek and span with monogram on.

EVE. (*sitting settee*). We asked him what he was dolling up for, and he didn't seem to know. Said he couldn't come to the rehearsal, and I don't believe there's an earthly reason why not —

JULIE. Evelyn was so angry. She, how-you-say? bawl him out.

EVE. He knows as well as we do that we only have a week to get this show up. And do you know those wretched Davis boys aren't coming, either? Going to that beastly meeting, they said.

PHYL. (*eagerly*). Then do we have to rehearse to-night? Can't we put it off?

EVE. Put it off? No, we can't. We'll go over the shakiest scenes, even without the men. And you can try your song and Flora May's dance. Oh dear, I'll never get up another show as long as I live, if I ever get out of this one alive!

PHYL. Well, then, begin. Why don't you begin?

EVE. Let us get our breath. I brought the note I'm supposed to lose in the second act. What did I do with it? Oh, here it is. (*She puts it on dresser.*) And I've got the play here.

MISS VI. (*who has been sitting L. of table, nudging PHYLLIS*). Phyllis.

EVE. Let's clear off the furniture and go over your song, Phyl.

MISS VI. Phyllis, ask her.

PHYL. Oh dear! Evelyn, Miss Violet wants me to ask you . . .

MISS VI. Hush! Don't say I said so. Say you think so.

PHYL. But I don't care.

EVE. What do you two want?

PHYL. Miss Violet wants Julie's part. (*To VIOLET.*)
I can't help it. I didn't know what to say.

JULIE (*rising*). My part? My lovely, juicy part?

EVE. Don't get excited, Julie. She can't have it.
I've got this thing cast and it's going to stay cast. Clean
off some of this furniture.

(*JULIE and PHYLLIS move table to L.; EVELYN takes
chair back.*)

MISS VI. Well, Dr. Nick feels strange about playing
with Julie.

EVE. Let him feel strange.

JULIE. Feel strange? Oh la-la! I mean, O Boy!

MISS VI. Of course I don't care for myself, but——

EVE. That's all right, then. Come on, Phyl.

PHYL. Let's don't go over my song. The chorus isn't
here.

JULIE. Evelyn and I will play hoop-la in the back,
won't me, Evelyn?

PHYL. Well, I just won't do the verse, then. Hurry
up. (*Comes c.*)

(*She sings, with musical-comedy gestures and dance-
steps the following, or other similar song.*)

"I want someone to flirt with me

For I'm as lonesome as can be.

Say, you ought to see the eyes that I can make.

Won't somebody notice me, for goodness' sake?

I want someone to love me sure—

But I don't want an amateur.

I want someone to teach me everything from A to Z.

I want some one to come and flirt with me!"

(*During song she loses the letter from her belt.*)

EVE. That's horrible. You've got to get some pep
into it.

MISS VI. I could just see how it ought to be done.

PHYL. It's nearly nine o'clock, Evelyn. Let's don't
bother with it.

EVE. It can't go on like that. I'm going to have a decent show, if I have to kill everybody in it.

MISS VI. Let me show her.

PHYL. I told you I didn't feel well.

MISS VI. Do it like this, Phyllis. Isn't this about the way, Evelyn?

(She does the song, in exaggerated fashion, much to the amusement of the girls.)

EVE. Oh well, we'll go over it to-morrow night, Phyl. Where's Flora May?

PHYL. Do we have to go over her dance?

EVE. *(at phonograph, puts on record)*. We do!

PHYL. *(goes out R., calling)*. Flora Ma-ay!

JULIE *(spying note PHYLLIS has lost from belt)*. Why, here's the note you lose in the second act, Evelyn!

(EVELYN puts it into dress. FLORA MAY and PHYLLIS come back. JULIE and PHYLLIS sit settee, MISS VIOLET L., EVELYN stands by machine.)

FLORA M. Here I am. There now, Smarty, I did so have to come!

EVE. Take your position, dear. Remember to point your toes. *(Starts music. FLORA MAY executes a simple little dance.)* That's very nice. Only you must remember to point your toes. That's all, Flora May.

FLORA M. Can't I stay and see you rehearse?

PHYL. No, you can't. Scat! *(FLORA MAY goes drearily out.)* Can't you please hurry, Evelyn?

EVE. We'll take the scene in the second act, as the curtain goes up. Set the stage, please.

(JULIE and PHYLLIS put table C., chairs R. and L.)

JULIE. Where are anoizzer chair?

PHYL. I haven't got another chair. *(Runs to bedroom wildly, and brings back stool.)* Here, this'll have to do.

EVE. What can we use for teacups? We're all drinking tea, you know.

(*They all rush about madly, finding match-safe, vase, etc., to set table. PHYLLIS finds box-lid for a tray. MISS VIOLET gets pair of scissors for a lorgnette; they all talk at once.*)

PHYL. This is my tray, girls. I haven't got a bell. You'll have to say "ding-a-ling" when you mean you're ringing for me. Now, I'm in the kitchen.

(*She retires to back of stage.*)

EVE. Come on, girls, sit down. You'll have to have the stool, Julie. What did I do with the play? Oh, here! Now remember, as the curtain goes up, everybody talks. Ready!

MISS VI. Boogle, bidgy, a-b-c-d-e-f-g—

JULIE. Oh la-la! I can't theenk of a theeng.

EVE. Girls! Really talk. Say something. Anything. Don't fake it. Now, ready!

(*There is a burst of chatter.*)

JULIE (*lifting match-safe*). "Thees is delecious. Where do you get eet?"

MISS VI. (*lifting scissors as lorgnette*). "Gerald brought it from China, my dear. By-the-way, I wonder where the dear boy is? He said he'd be home for tea."

EVE. "I'll ask Mary if he's come in." (*Ring nothing.*) Ding-a-ling!

PHYL. (*coming forward and speaking woodenly*). "Did you ring, ma'am?"

EVE. Phyllis, I told you to come in Right.

PHYL. (*darting R. and coming in again*). "Did you ring, ma'am?"

MISS VI. (*using lorgnette*). "Has my son come in yet, Mary?"

PHYL. "I think I heard him in the library not twenty minutes ago, ma'am."

EVE. (*motioning*). Down right! Down right!

PHYL. Which is down right? Oh yes. (*Moves D. R.*) "He seemed to be upset about something."

JULIE (*starting up, dramatically*). "Upset? He is upset, you say?"

PHYL. "I will go and find him, ma'am." Now, do I go out? I do, don't I?

EVE. Don't stand there asking me. Go!

(PHYLLIS goes L.)

JULIE (*to dresser, tensely*). "He has found out. What shall I do?"

MISS VI. (*rising*). "My dear, I think I shall leave you two young things alone. I have a few letters to write before dinner." I don't do a thing in this play but exit. I never saw such a part! The audience don't get a chance to see me at all.

(*She joins PHYLLIS, who is anxiously regarding watch.*)

EVE. (*turning page*). "Is there anything wrong, Helen?"

JULIE. "Wrong? Why should there be? But no, it is nothing!" (*With brave, tired smile.*)

EVE. (*carefully losing letter*). "You have been strange all day."

JULIE. "All day I have been ——"

EVE. That's not your line. (*Prompting.*) "Strange? I don't ——"

JULIE. Oui . . . "Strange? I don't know what you mean."

(*The telephone bell rings.*)

EVE. If that isn't sickening!

PHYL. (*snatching receiver*). Hello? Ye-es, this is Phyllis. Why, the girls are here rehearsing. I don't know. Evelyn, when will we be through?

EVE. Never, at this rate!

MISS VI. Who is it?

PHYL. I'll let you know. You'd better wait until—I simply can't tell.

MISS VI. Who is it?

PHYL. It's—it's my Sunday school teacher! Hello.

No, I haven't rung off. Can't you wait there a little while? Well, yes, yes, good-bye!

(Hangs up 'phone.)

EVE. Get off the stage, please. Julie, suppose we take the scene with Dr. Nick. I'll read his lines. Where he finds the note I dropped, you know.

JULIE. Oui, I mean yez. Let me see. Where am I? Oh, down here in front of the table—so? "You know, Geral'? You have discover'?"

EVE. "Helen, it is true, then?"

JULIE *(drooping)*. "It is true!"

EVE. "I won't believe it. You shall explain." Where's the place? "You can—you must——"

JULIE. "Geral'! But no. I took the pearl' because I mus' have money."

MISS. VI. Isn't she supposed to be over by the mantel?

EVE. I am directing this show. Julie.

JULIE. "I mus' have money. I am in debt. O mos' terrible. I am threaten' with police. I am desperate. I take thees pearl. They are a-lone, in Madame's room, speeling out of their case. I see them. I cannot resee's'. I take them. I sell them. Ah!" *(Crosses to dresser which is supposed to be mantel.)* "Then I wake. It is bad dream. I do not know 'ow is it possible I do thees theeng."

EVE. "Helen, darling!" *(Approaching her.)*

JULIE. "Don' touch me. I cannot bear——"

(Begins to turn away to dresser, but turns to L. instead of R.)

EVE. Don't turn your back to the audience.

JULIE *(turning properly)*. "Don' touch me. I cannot bear it. I have forfeit the right. I am meeserable, un'appy, wretched."

(Sinks head in arms on dresser top.)

EVE. Sob. You're supposed to sob there.

JULIE *(sobbing)*. Meeserable, un'appy, wretched!

Enter FLORA MAY, R.

FLORA M. Hey, Phyllis! Mamma says come down and tell her which of those books belong to Jessie Pierce. She's going to take 'em over.

PHYL. All right. (*Crosses R. to door.*)

FLORA M. Can't I see what you girls are doing?

PHYL. No, come on down! [*Exits R.*]

FLORA M. Piggy, piggy, piggy!

(*Follows PHYLLIS out.*)

MISS VI. I don't think that sounds a bit like sobbing. Julie ought to do it like this. (*Illustrates.*)

EVE. She does it well enough. Go on, Julie.

JULIE. "What shall I do? Thees pearl I cannot recover. Your sister have letter only to-day from mans I geev them. He is a-way."

EVE. (*picking up letter*). "Is this the letter?"

JULIE (*sobs*). "Yez."

EVE. (*opens it*). Let's see. (*Reads.*) "Sweetheart: At nine o'clock I'll be in the side street with my car. When you hear me honk three times, come down." What on earth is this? It's not my letter.

ALL (*crowding to her*). Let's see. Let's see.

EVE. (*reads*). "Be sure to bring your bag with what you think you'll need. I've got the license. The Grace Church minister will marry us at the rectory, and my car will take us out of town. I don't think your mother will mind when it's too late to do any good. With a thousand kisses, Ever yours, Nick."

JULIE. Neek! That's Neek Atwill!

EVE. And who's "Sweetheart"?

JULIE. Phyllis! Neek and Phyllis!

MISS VI. It's his writing.

JULIE. They're, how-you-say? Eloping!

EVE. (*sinking on settee*). Before we give our show!

MISS VI. I think eloping is very sneaky. (*Sits L. of EVELYN and wipes eyes.*) I wouldn't have thought it of Dr. Nick. He might have told me. I've always meant so much to him.

JULIE (*sitting edge of table with note*). "When you

hear me honk three times, come down." Isn't it nine o'clock yet?

EVE. I don't know. I'd like to know what we're going to do with this show.

MISS VI. (*weeps*). I've always taken such trouble for him, too!

PHYL. (*coming back*). Girls, have you seen—did you see a letter?

JULIE. I'll say we did!

EVE. Phyllis, are you going to ruin this show by eloping in the middle of it?

PHYL. What, what do you mean?

(*Horn honks outside.*)

EVE. That's what I mean! Hear it? That's our leading man.

MISS VI. Wearing the trousers I pressed this afternoon!

PHYL. Can't you have the show anyway?

JULIE. Whose shoulder am I weep on, please?

PHYL. We'll come back for the show. (*Horn honks again.*) Oh dear! Oh dear! Help me, girls. Won't you help me? Honest we'll come back if you'll help me.

MISS VI. I think it's very sneaky to elope.

PHYL. You don't understand. Please, girls. You see, Mamma hasn't a thing against him except that he's an Atwill. Papa had a lawsuit against the Atwills ten years ago about a fence line, and they haven't spoken to us since. But I can't stop loving Nick because Papa and his father fought about a fence line, can I?

EVE. Will you promise to have Nick back for dress rehearsal?

PHYL. Cross my heart.

JULIE. And teach him his lines?

PHYL. Honest and true.

JULIE. Then, where's your bag?

(*PHYLLIS flies for it. The three girls rush about getting hat and coat, etc., going over things in bag, while MISS VIOLET weeps on settee.*)

EVE. Sure everything's packed in here?

PHYL. Everything, I think.

MISS VI. I wouldn't have believed it of him!

JULIE. Sit down and let me fix your hair. Listen, he's honking again.

PHYL. See if I put hankies in, Evelyn.

JULIE. I hope you are mos' happy.

EVE. For goodness' sake, start right, Phyl. Don't begin by giving in.

PHYL. No—yes. I won't.

JULIE. He'll geev in first. They all do.

EVE. And get back for dress rehearsal. You can hear each other's lines all week.

JULIE. Such a honeymoon!

PHYL. Yes, anything! Am I all right? Get my hand-bag, Julie. Wait a minute. Let's go down the back stairs.

(The three slip out toward the bedroom, EVELYN carrying bag, JULIE hand-bag, and PHYLLIS all excitement, the horn honking madly.)

MISS VI. *(wiping her eyes)*. But just the same, he'll miss the way I used to heat his hot water!

CURTAIN

CAMP FIDELITY GIRLS

A Comedy in Four Acts

By Edith Lowell

*Dramatized by permission from the well-known story by
Annie Hamilton Donnell*

One male, eleven females. Scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours. A jolly party of girls occupy an old farmhouse for the summer and there discover a secret that makes for the happiness and prosperity of a poor little cripple. A very "human" piece full of brightness and cheer and with a great variety of good parts.

Price, 35 cents

CHARACTERS

BARBARA WETHERELL

JUDY WETHERELL, *her sister*

JESSICA THAYER

MARY SHEPHERD, *otherwise Plain Mary*

EDNA HULL

MRS. TUCKER, *a next-door neighbor.*

JOHNNIE TUCKER, *known as Johnnie-Son.*

BARNABY CAMPBELL, *a big child.*

JENNIE BRETT, *a country girl.*

COUSIN SALOME.

AUNT ELIZABETH.

UNCLE JEFF.

*students at
Hatton Hall School.*

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I. Room at Hatton Hall School.

Act II. *Scene I.* Camp Fidelity. Afternoon. *Scene II.* The next morning.

ACT III. *Scene I.* Same. Two weeks later. *Scene II.* Midnight.

ACT IV. *Scene I.* Same. Six weeks later. *Scene II.* A half hour later.

MARRYING MONEY

A Play in One Act

By Alice L. Tildesley

Four females. Scene, an interior. Plays half an hour. The girls seek a job with the millionaire's mother and one of them gets one for life with the millionaire. One eccentric character and three straight.

Price, 25 cents

THE OVER-ALLS CLUB

A Farce in One Act

By Helen Sherman Griffith

Ten females. Scene, an interior. Plays half an hour. The "Over-Alls Club" meets for the first time in its denim costume with enthusiasm for economy that only lasts until young Dr. Ellery is announced. Finishes in pretty gowns.

Price, 25 cents

OLD DAYS IN DIXIE

A Comedy-Drama in Three Acts

By Walter Ben Hare

Five males, eight females. Scene, a single interior. Costumes of the period. Plays two hours and a quarter. Beverly Bonfoey, a high type of Southern gentleman, loves Azalea, his mother's ward, but Raoul Chaudet, a Canadian adventurer, to whom he has given the hospitality of Bonfoey, steals her love. Forced to leave suddenly because of crooked money transactions, he persuades her to elope, but this is prevented by a wonderfully dramatic device. Beverly then challenges Raoul, who shows the white feather and runs away, and Beverly, to save the family honor, assumes the consequences of his swindling transactions. The untying of this knot is the plot of a strong play with a genuine Southern atmosphere written wholly from the Southern point of view. Royalty, \$10.00 for the first and \$5.00 for subsequent performances by the same cast.

Price, 35 cents

CHARACTERS

THE PROLOGUE, *the Goddess of the South.*

MADAME BONFOEY, *mistress of the plantation.*

AZALEA, *her ward.*

NANCY, *Azalea's sister.*

COUSIN SALLIE SELLERS, *from a neighboring estate.*

PHÆBE, *a little coquette.*

MARY ROSE, *Phæbe's sister.*

MAM' DICEY, *the house mammy.*

BEVERLY BONFOEY, *the young heir.*

JUDGE PENNYMINT, *his uncle.*

RAOUL CHAUDET, *a visitor from Quebec.*

CAMEO CLEMM, *from the city.*

UNKER SHAD, *a bit of old mahogany.*

Beaux and Belles of Dixie.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I. The drawing-room of the Bonfoey Plantation in 1849.
The letter.

ACT II. The dinner party. The duel.

ACT III. An April morning, three years later. The return.

THE ORIGINAL TWO BITS

A Farce in Two Acts

By Hazel M. Robinson

*Written for and presented by The Invaders Club of the United
Baptist Church of Lewiston, Maine*

Seven females. Scene, an interior. Plays twenty minutes. The girls in camp receive a visit from a neighbor and have to borrow the neighbor's own dinner in order to feed them. They almost get away with it—not quite. Irish comedy character, eccentric aunt, rest straight.

Price, 25 cents

NO TRESPASSING

A Play in Three Acts

By Evelyn Gray Whiting

Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, a single easy interior. Plays two hours. Free of royalty. Lisle Irving, a lively "city girl," goes down into the country on a vacation and to get rid of a husband of her father's choice whom she has never seen, and runs into the very man living there under another name. He meets her by accident and takes her to be one of a pair of twins who have been living at the farmhouse. She discovers his mistake and in the character of both twins in alternation gives him the time of his life, incidentally falling in love with him. An unusual abundance of good comedy characters, including one—Bill Meader—of great originality and humor, sure to make a big hit. Strongly recommended.

Price, 35 cents

CHARACTERS

BILL MEADER, "*on the town.*"

JIM MEADER, *son of Bill, a boy of sixteen to eighteen.*

MR. PALMER, *a New England farmer.*

CLEVELAND TOWER, *a young city fellow, guest of Raynor.*

HERBERT EDMAND RAYNOR, *a young Englishman.*

MR. IRVING, *father of Lisle.*

LISLE IRVING, *a girl of seventeen.*

PEGGY PALMER, *a girl of eighteen or twenty.*

MRS. PALMER, *Peggy's mother.*

BARBARA PALMER, *a girl of ten or twelve years.*

ALMEDA MEADER, *a girl about Barbara's age.*

THE GIRL UP-STAIRS

A Comedy in Two Acts

By Gladys Ruth Bridgman

Seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, an interior. Plays an hour. Daisy Jordan, crazy to get "on the stage," comes to New York and starves there in a lodging house waiting for her chance. She schemes to get an interview with Cicely Denver, a popular actress, to act before her, but the result is not at all what she intended. A capital play with strong and ingenious opportunities for good acting. Recommended.

Price, 25 cents

TICKETS, PLEASE!

A Comedy in One Act

By Irving Dale

Four females. Costumes, modern and fashionable; scenery, an interior, not important. Plays twenty minutes. Mignon asks Charlotte to get the theatre tickets, Charlotte asks Maude to get them, Maude hands over three to Linda, who leaves two at Mignon's house after she has left home. But they get to the theatre somehow. Bright, funny and characteristic. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

PROFESSOR PEPP

A Farcical Comedy with a College Flavor in Three Acts

By Walter Ben Hare

Nine males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scene, an easy exterior, the same for all three acts. Plays two hours and twenty minutes. Professor Pepp, on a vacation trip to Russia, is initiated by Boris Ardoff, a Russian humorist and former pupil of the Professor's, into a Nihilist Society "The Redeemers," and is so unlucky as to draw the red ball which obliges him to murder the Princess Katchakoffsky. In terror he at once flies from Russia, but Boris, to prolong the joke, writes ahead of him to a friend on the faculty, telling the story and revealing the password—"Bumski." With this weapon everybody in turn has his own way with the terrified Professor, who sees a Nihilist in every bush. A side-splitter with more good parts than any piece of its kind for years. Strongly recommended for school or college performance. *Price, 35 cents*

CHARACTERS

PROFESSOR PETERKIN PEPP, *a nervous wreck.*

MR. C. B. BUTTONBUSTER, *a giddy butterfly of forty-eight.*

HOWARD GREEN, *his son, who had the court change his name.*

SIM BATTY, *the police force of a college town.*

PEDDLER BENSON, *working his way through school.*

NOISY FLEMING, *just out of high school.*

PINK HATCHER, *an athletic sophomore.*

BUSTER BROWN, *a vociferous junior.*

BETTY GARDNER, *the professor's ward.*

AUNT MINERVA BOULDER, *his housekeeper, from Skowhegan, Maine.*

PETUNIA MUGGINS, *the hired girl.*

OLGA STOPSKI, *the new teacher of folk-dancing.*

KITTY CLOVER, *a collector of souvenirs.*

VIVIAN DREW, *a college belle.*

IRENE VAN HILT, *a social leader.*

CAROLINE KAY, *the happy little freshman.*

Students, Co-eds, etc.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. Professor Pepp's residence on the college campus.

ACT II. Same scene. Surrounded by the nihilists.

ACT III. Same scene. A double wedding.

NOT ON THE PROGRAMME

A Comedy in One Act

By Gladys Ruth Bridgman

Three males, three females. Costumes, modern; scenery, a single interior. Plays forty minutes. Mrs. Whitney, rehearsing for amateur theatricals with Vincent Fielding, a dramatic coach, in her own home, is misunderstood by Ophelia Johnson (colored), her maid, who summons the police to straighten out what seems to her a very criminal state of things. Rastus Brown, a plumber and admirer of Ophelia, helps Officer Hogan to muddle matters into a very laughable state of confusion. **Easy and strongly recommended.** *Price, 25 cents*

MUCH ADO ABOUT BETTY

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Walter Ben Hare

Ten male, twelve female characters, or seven males and seven females by doubling. Costumes, modern; scenery, two easy interiors. Plays a full evening. Betty, a moving picture star, going south on a vacation, loses her memory from the shock of a railway accident, and is identified as a rival, Violet Ostrich, from a hand-bag that she carries. In this character she encounters the real Violet, who has just eloped with Ned O'Hare, and mixes things up sadly both for herself and the young couple. An exceptionally bright, clever and effective play that can be highly recommended. Good Negro, Irish and eccentric comedy parts.

Price, 35 cents

CHARACTERS

LIN LEONARD, *Betty's one best bet.*

MAJOR JARTREE, *of Wichita, not only bent, but crooked.*

NED O'HARE, *a jolly young honeymooner.*

MR. E. Z. OSTRICH, *who has written a wonderful picture-play.*

DR. McNUTT, *solid ivory from the neck up.*

JIM WILES, *a high-school senior*

ARCHIE, *a black bell-boy at the Hotel Poinsettia.*

OFFICER RILEY, *who always does his duty.*

OFFICER DUGAN, *from the Emerald Isle.*

MR. EBENEZER O'HARE, *a sick man and a submerged tenth.*

MRS. EBENEZER O'HARE, *"Birdie," the other nine-tenths.*

AUNT WINNIE, *Betty's chaperone.*

LIZZIE MONAHAN, *Betty's maid, with a vivid imagination.*

ETHEL KOHLER, *a high-school admirer of Betty.*

VIOLET OSTRICH, *a film favorite, Ned's bride.*

MRS. K. M. DIGGINS, *a guest at the Hotel Poinsettia.*

DAFFODIL DIGGINS, *her daughter, "Yes, Mamma!"*

MISS CHIZZLE, *one of the North Georgia Chizzles.*

PEARLIE BROWN, *Violet's maid, a widow of ebony hue.*

VIOLET, *Violet Ostrich's little girl aged seven.*

DIAMOND, *Pearlie's little girl aged six and*

BETTY, *the star of the Movagraph Co.*

Jartree may double Dugan; Ned may double Riley; Jim may double Archie; Mrs. O'Hare may double Ethel; Aunt Winnie may double Pearlle and Lizzie may double Miss Chizzle, thus reducing the cast to seven males and seven females. The two children have no lines to speak.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. Betty's apartments near New York. Married in haste.

ACT II. Parlor D of the Hotel Poinsettia, Palm Beech, Fla. **Three days later.** Betty loses her memory.

ACT III. Same scene as Act II. A full honeymoon.

JUST A LITTLE MISTAKE

A Comedy in One Act

By Elizabeth Gale

One male, five female characters, or can be played by all girls. Costumes, modern; scenery, an easy interior. Plays forty minutes. Mrs. Ball receives a cablegram from her sister Lucy stating that Jerry will arrive that day and begging her to be cordial. Mrs. Ball then goes out to hire a cook, leaving three young friends to receive the unknown guest. The cook, sent down from the agency in haste, is greeted and entertained as Jerry and when the real Jerry (Miss Geraldine Take) arrives she is sent out to the kitchen. After considerable confusion and excitement she is discovered to be the "Little Miss Take." Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

RED ACRE FARM

A Rural Comedy Drama in Three Acts by Gordan V. May. **Sever** males, five females. Costumes, modern ; scenery, one interior, one exterior. Plays two hours. An easy and entertaining play with a well-balanced cast of characters. The story is strong and sympathetic and the comedy element varied and amusing. Barnaby Strutt is a great part for a good comedian ; " Junior " a close second. Strongly recommended.

Price, 35 cents

THE COUNTRY MINISTER

A Comedy Drama in Five Acts by Arthur Lewis Tubbs. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern ; scenery not difficult. Plays a full evening. A very sympathetic piece, of powerful dramatic interest ; strong and varied comedy relieves the serious plot. Ralph Underwood, the minister, is a great part, and Roxy a strong soubrette ; all parts are good and full of opportunity. Clean, bright and strongly recommended.

Price, 35 cents

THE COLONEL'S MAID

A Comedy in Three Acts by C. Leona Dalrymple. Six males, three females. Costumes, modern ; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening. An exceptionally bright and amusing comedy, full of action ; all the parts good. Capital Chinese low comedy part ; two first-class old men. This is a very exceptional piece and can be strongly recommended.

Price, 35 cents

MOSE

A Comedy in Three Acts by C. W. Miles. Eleven males, ten females. Scenery, two interiors ; costumes, modern. Plays an hour and a half. A lively college farce, full of the true college spirit. Its cast is large, but many of the parts are small and incidental. Introduces a good deal of singing, which will serve to lengthen the performance. Recommended highly for co-educational colleges.

Price, 25 cents

OUR WIVES

A Farce in Three Acts by Anthony E. Wills. Seven males, four females. Costumes, modern ; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours and a half. A bustling, up-to-date farce, full of movement and action ; all the parts good and effective ; easy to produce ; just the thing for an experienced amateur club and hard to spoil, even in the hands of less practical players. Free for amateur performance.

Price, 35 cents

THE SISTERHOOD OF BRIDGET

A Farce in Three Acts by Robert Elwin Ford. Seven males, six females. Costumes, modern ; scenery, easy interiors. Plays two hours. An easy, effective and very humorous piece turning upon the always interesting servant girl question. A very unusual number of comedy parts ; all the parts good. Easy to get up and well recommended.

Price, 35 cents

Plays for Junior High Schools

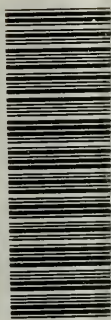
	Males	Females	Time	Price
Sally Lunn	3	4	1 1/2 hrs.	25c
Mr. Bob	3	4	1 1/2 "	25c
The Man from Brandon	3	4	1/2 "	25c
A Box of Monkeys	2	3	1 1/4 "	25c
A Rice Pudding	2	3	1 1/4 "	25c
Class Day	4	3	3/4 "	25c
Chums	3	2	3/4 "	25c
An Easy Mark	5	2	1/2 "	25c
Pa's New Housekeeper	3	2	1 "	25c
Not On the Program	3	3	3/4 "	25c
The Cool Collegians	3	4	1 1/2 "	25c
The Elopement of Ellen	4	3	2 "	35c
Tommy's Wife	3	5	1 1/2 "	35c
Johnny's New Suit	2	5	3/4 "	25c
Thirty Minutes for Refreshments	4	3	1/2 "	25c
West of Omaha	4	3	3/4 "	25c
The Flying Wedge	3	5	3/4 "	25c
My Brother's Keeper	5	3	1 1/2 "	25c
The Private Tutor	5	3	2 "	35c
Me an' Otis	5	4	2 "	25c
Up to Freddie	3	6	1 1/4 "	25c
My Cousin Timmy	2	8	1 "	25c
Aunt Abigail and the Boys	9	2	1 "	25c
Caught Out	9	2	1 1/2 "	25c
Constantine Pueblo Jones	10	4	2 "	35c
The Cricket On the Hearth	6	7	1 1/2 "	25c
The Deacon's Second Wife	6	6	2 "	35c
Five Feet of Love	5	6	1 1/2 "	25c
The Hurdy Gurdy Girl	9	9	2 "	35c
Camp Fidelity Girls	1	11	2 "	35c
Carrotty Nell		15	1 "	25c
A Case for Sherlock Holmes		10	1 1/2 "	35c
The Clancey Kids		14	1 "	25c
The Happy Day		7	1/2 "	25c
I Grant You Three Wishes		14	1/2 "	25c
Just a Little Mistake	1	5	3/4 "	25c
The Land of Night		18	1 1/4 "	25c
Local and Long Distance	1	6	1/2 "	25c
The Original Two Bits		7	1/2 "	25c
An Outsider		7	1/2 "	25c
Oysters		6	1/2 "	25c
A Pan of Fudge		6	1/2 "	25c
A Peck of Trouble		5	1/2 "	25c
A Precious Pickle		7	1/2 "	25c
The First National Boot	7	2	1 "	25c
His Father's Son	14		1 3/4 "	35c
The Turn In the Road	9		1 1/2 "	25c
A Half Back's Interference	10		3/4 "	25c
The Revolving Wedge	5	3	1 "	25c
Mose	11	10	1 1/2 "	25c

BAKER, Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

Plays and Novelties That Have Been "Winners"

	Males	Females	Time	Price	Royalty
Camp Fidelity Girls		11	2 1/2 hrs.	35c	None
Anita's Trial		11	2 "	35c	"
The Farmerette		7	2 "	35c	"
Behind the Scenes		12	1 1/2 "	35c	"
The Camp Fire Girls		15	2 "	35c	"
A Case for Sherlock Holmes		10	1 1/2 "	35c	"
The House in Laurel Lane		6	1 1/2 "	25c	"
Her First Assignment		10	1 "	25c	"
I Grant You Three Wishes		14	1/2 "	25c	"
Joint Owners in Spain		4	1/2 "	35c	\$5.00
Marrying Money		4	1/2 "	25c	None
The Original Two Bits		7	1/2 "	25c	"
The Over-Alls Club		10	1/2 "	25c	"
Leave it to Polly		11	1 1/2 "	35c	"
The Rev. Peter Brice, Bachelor		7	1/2 "	25c	"
Miss Fearless & Co.		10	2 "	35c	"
A Modern Cinderella		16	1 1/2 "	35c	"
Theodore, Jr.		7	1/2 "	25c	"
Rebecca's Triumph		16	2 "	35c	"
Aboard a Slow Train in Mizzoury	8	14	2 1/2 "	35c	"
Twelve Old Maids		15	1 "	25c	"
An Awkward Squad	8		1/4 "	25c	"
The Blow-Up of Algernon Blow	8		1/2 "	25c	"
The Boy Scouts	20		2 "	35c	"
A Close Shave	6		1/2 "	25c	"
The First National Boot	7	2	1 "	25c	"
A Half-Back's Interference	10		3/4 "	25c	"
His Father's Son	14		1 3/4 "	35c	"
The Man With the Nose	8		3/4 "	25c	"
On the Quiet	12		1 1/2 "	35c	"
The People's Money	11		1 3/4 "	25c	"
A Regular Rah! Rah! Boy	14		1 3/4 "	35c	"
A Regular Scream	11		1 3/4 "	35c	"
Schmerocase in School	9		1 "	25c	"
The Scoutmaster	10		2 "	35c	"
The Tramps' Convention	17		1 1/2 "	25c	"
The Turn in the Road	9		1 1/2 "	25c	"
Wanted—a Pitcher	11		1/2 "	25c	"
What They Did for Jenkins	14		2 "	25c	"
Aunt Jerusha's Quilting Party	4	12	1 1/4 "	25c	"
The District School at Blueberry Corners	12	17	1 "	25c	"
The Emigrants' Party	24	10	1 "	25c	"
Miss Prim's Kindergarten	10	11	1 1/2 "	25c	"
A Pageant of History	Any number	2	" "	35c	"
The Revel of the Year	"	"	3/4 "	25c	"
Scenes in the Union Depot	"	"	1 "	25c	"
Taking the Census in Bingville	14	8	1 1/2 "	25c	"
The Village Post-Office	22	20	2 "	35c	"
O'Keefe's Circuit	12	8	1 1/2 "	35c	"

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